



FAY KING BY
HERSELF

HERES
ME

SOME
TOWN!



FAY-KING-12

(COLORS - CORRECT.)



BAT'S FAVORITE
PASTIME IS
BRINGING DOWN
THE EAGLES ON
THE TWENTIES



BAT
IS POPULAR WITH
THE GIRLS



SHE WAS
SURE SOME
GIRL! - BUT I
GUESS THERE
ARE JUST AS GOOD
FISH IN THE SEA AS EVER
WERE CAUGHT



IT WAS
A MUTUAL
CASE OF LOVE AT
FIRST SIGHT WHEN BAT
MET IRMA KILGALLEN
IN 1905



GOOD
NIGHT
I'M GLAD IT ISN'T
MUH!



BAT
HAD A DREAM-
NOW HE
DON'T
THINK
HE WILL
EVER
MARRY!

NAW- DIS ISN'T
A MENU ITS
ME CARD!

BAT
COULD
HAVE A
CARD
LIKE THIS



BATTLING NELSON
FARMER
AUTHOR
REAL ESTATE
MAGNET
MAYOR OF
HEGEWISCH
MINING KING
CATTLE KING
CAPITALIST
AND
PUGILIST

AW NIX ON
THAT MUSH
STUFF!

I THINK
BEALL IS THE
GRANDEST
MAN!

THIS BLACK PUP
DID 9000 MILES
DURING THE AFTERNOON

SCHREIBER
COACHING
DURING THE
RAIN STORM
LOOKED
LIKE A
HEADLESS
WONDER

BEALL
WAS THE
"MAN OF THE
HOUR" WHEN
IT CAME TO
FANCY
CATCHES
AND "LONG RUNS"
THE CROWD WAS
WILD ABOUT HIM!

BAT NELSON
AND I ATTENDED
THE BALL GAME
TOGETHER YESTERDAY

WHEN PITCHER KINSELLA CLIPPED
THE ATMOSPHERE AND MADE A "ROUND TRIP"
YOU COULDN'T TELL HIM FROM THE
STREAKS OF LIGHTNING

FAY-KING 'ER

THE LESS SAID ABOUT
THE DEAR DEFEATED
THE BETTER!

THE BATTLER
AND I ROOTED
TILL WE WERE
HOARSE



BAT SAYS HE WILL SEND HIS TAILOR AN ORDER FOR A COAT LIKE THIS



CAN YOU IMAGINE GOTCH AND HACK WEARING A HAIRDRESS LIKE THIS—



PUGILISM WAS IN EVIDENCE MUCH TO BATS DELIGHT



THE LITTLE FELLOW



THE FAT CLOWN



LITTLE PRINCESS WEE WEE



COME ON- LETS GO SEE THE ELEPHANTS!

LEAD ME TO 'EM!

BAT AND I TOOK IN ALL THE SIGHTS



BAT WAS SURE STRONG FOR THE CLASSY LITTLE RIDERS

AND ALL THE WHILE I WAS FALLING FOR THE SWELL GUY IN YELLOW ON THE WHITE HORSE

FAY-KING

NELSON AND HIS NEW SPARRING PARTNER



Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Battling Nelson, just after their wedding at the home of the bridegroom in Hegeswisch, Ill. "Bat," who owns the town, furnished the preacher and the brass band. The bride was Fay King, a Denver newspaper cartoonist.

'Lovely,' Says Fay King of 'Houses of Sand'



By FAY KING.

If you loved "Poor Butterfly," by all means see "Houses of Sand," that new love drama by C. Marion Burton at The Hudson Theatre. It is lovely!

Not too sad, and yet plenty of that sweet sadness that touches the romantic chord in every heart, no matter how hidden it may be with a checked vest and a red tie! It is a play filled with exotic

beauty, delightful comedy and romance.

The settings are beautiful, being in the luxury of American wealth and Oriental splendor. The large cast is made up of ideally clever persons.

I'll wager right now that Gladys Hanson, as Mrs. Steele, will hand you one of the best laughs you've had this season. Beautiful Elise Bartlett, is charming as her daughter. In

private life, she is Mrs. Joseph Schildkraut.

Vivienne Osborne, as "Golden Fragrance," and Paul Kelly as Demarest are ideal!

"Houses of Sand" is a fine, clean, wholesome, delightful play. I loved it.

Fay King Tips Girls on Husband-Catching



By FAY KING.

A woman's age and how she got her husband to propose—are strictly her own business!

But it is quite safe to say that all women lie a little about both—especially about the proposal!

Happily married ladies are decidedly unfair in not confiding the actual campaign they carried out so successfully to capture the delightful husband they are married to!

It would be such a help to single young ladies matrimonially inclined!

But the average happily married lady loves to lead the single Miss to believe that from the moment her husband laid his two eyes on her it was a fiery pursuit of romantic love, in which she was always trying to avoid him! But he was constantly at her heels! That he proposed at least two dozen times before she even gave him the least encouragement is her very pet statement! And each of these times she would have you believe that he fell to his knees and laid his life at her feet!

That she ever kissed him, or gave him the slightest encouragement,

accompanies the whispered confidence that the fact of the matter is at the very time he was pursuing her so madly she was being proposed to by at least four other men twice as handsome, twice as rich—who never married! Two of them died shortly after her wedding!

Naturally, this makes the single girl wonder what can be wrong with her! No army of ardent admirers are at her heels, and the men she does know are inclined to get fresh and never seem to speak of marriage!

Don't worry, my dears, in nine cases out of 10 a man stutters

some kind of silly suggestion about marriage that can be turned off in a kidding way if she doesn't like the idea and can be taken seriously if she does!

And in nine cases out of 10 a girl brings up the subject of engagements and marriage in such a way that if he responds with the correct answer it's all settled!

There is a girl who treats a man very nice, and when he is terribly in love with her and has said nothing of marriage, she tells him she can't see him any more because they are being talked about! People are telling her, if she isn't engaged to him, she ought to be, and

—“what CAN I say?” says she! That's his cue to say, “Well, we ARE, aren't we?” That match is settled.

Then there's the girl who swears she thinks every girl ought to give back an engagement ring and free a fellow at once if he meets someone he likes better before they are married! She gets the engagement ring and the fellow!

That's the way it's worked—in a hundred perfectly nice ways—so don't stay single all your life because none of the men you know propose the way your married friends tell you their husbands did!

That's all applesauce!

Fay King Discovers Shop Talk Is the Essence of All Conversation



By FAY KING.

THE business man is constantly condemned for talking nothing but business

But the business man is no worse than anyone else in any other line, be it collecting fossils or expounding philosophy.

In society what do we hear? Nothing but the chatter of their business, which is meeting the right persons and marrying into the right set.

Theatrical people talk theatre. Movie stars talk movies. Writers talk books. Artists talk art.

The business man at least works while he talks, which is more than can be said of some who are always talking ideals, but sponge on their friends.

We all talk shop—whether its a nickle-plated can-opener, or an oil-painted canvas, and most of us bore those not interested in our line!

Fay King Shows How Post and Gatty Not Only Made World Flight on the Dot But to the Letter



By FAY KING.

WINNIE MAE?
WINNIE DID!
What a flight!

Hardly had I finished seeing the spot news take off in the News-reel pictures when I was reading in the paper that they had landed

back at their starting point, Roosevelt Field!

Some flight!

Funny too. There are just nine letters in their two names, Post-Gatty, and nine letters in the name Winnie Mae!

So that they not only made their record flight on the dot but to the letter!

Tell that to the numerologists!

The breeze they made whizzing around the head of the world so fast must have been very refreshing to our old planet during the hot spell.

Sure some thrill following the Winnie Mae on its course.

Heartiest congratulations!

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Fay King Warns Men That 'Sweetie Half World' Is Only Swampland



By FAY KING.

IN THE REEKING swamplands of the tropics grow the flowers of greatest beauty and most alluring perfums.

Where the poisonous, fever-infested slime pools breed danger and death for man the blossoms look the purest, their pale ivory

and pastel-shaded petals looking so innocent of the vileness in which they are rooted.

The deep shadows hide well the green scum.

With trusting joy the first explorers rushed into these fascinating regions of fatal fallacy.

But now the way-wise traveler is inoculated against and

avoids its cankerous enticements.

It is time that men, wise in so many other ways, should become aware that this sweetie half-world is but a swampland, too.

It has claimed many victims lately.

Read—and learn to avoid.

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Men Pay Dearly for Escapades With Other Women, Says Fay King



By FAY KING.

NOTHING IS EASIER than for a man to take up with a woman other than his wife.

Real cleverness these days is in being immune to the count-

less women who are on the watch for any man they can share.

But no man with such an affair thinks it will end in public scandal or worse.

For the successful bait of these spider women is to seem the most amiable, careless-hearted creatures in the world, to convince

him it's all a merry lark to be ended as easily as it begins.

But when one has witnessed scenes, and overheard the unspeakable rows that attend the ending of these affairs, it is safe to say no man escapes again without paying dearly.

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Fay King Has Many Favorites and Expresses No Dislikes



By **FAY KING.**

Fall is my favorite time of the year and the chrysanthemum the flower I like best.

Green is my favorite color. In jewelry, I like bracelets best whether they cost 10 cents or more. The star sapphire is my favorite stone and I own two. Next I like green jade.

Gray eyes always fascinate me, perhaps because my own are dark brown.

Rarely write letters.

Newspapers are my greatest interest. Love to read their histories, and about newspaper personalities of the past and present.

Have never written anything but my daily story for the paper.

Like being alone, but have acquaintances in all walks of life whom I enjoy seeing and talking with.

Walking and reading are my favorite pastimes.

Some Romantic Women Too Trusting; Easy Victims of Scamps, Says Fay King



By FAY KING.

Here we have another of those handy letter writers accused of killing the victims of his eloquent pen.

So long as there are foolish romantic women in the world

advertisements and matrimonial agencies and correspondence with strangers to find a wife, we will have easy victims of swindlers if not murderers.

Men who prey upon susceptible women are always well versed in these little niceties of word and letter which inspire a

I used to weep over the poetry and outpourings of prison letters I received. But upon investigating the writer's official record it usually proved to be some despicable crime against a woman.

Romantic women are too trusting.

Young Men Are More Tactful Than Young Women, Fay King's Opinion



By FAY KING.

It seems to me that young men are more tactful than young women.

It is not at all unusual to hear a girl rave over her favorite screen hero to her escort, or tell endlessly of the attentions of

some other admirer.

Yet if the screen star happens to be a famous siren and his girl asked him if he thinks she is "perfectly fascinating" regardless of what he really thinks he will say that he "don't think she's so much!"

Few girls would listen without protest to praise of some

other girl.

Yet a young man will even add a good word for the other fellow.

He doesn't tell her he doesn't like her hat, but she bawls him out about his tie.

Predicting Higher Prices Later, Fay King Advises People to Buy Now



By FAY KING.

Never before have bargains been bigger or better!

It pays to shop these days for the things you have always wanted and felt perhaps you could not afford. For reductions

are drastic, and one can actually save more by spending wisely than hoarding unwisely.

For the day is not far away when conditions will get back to normal again, and then you will not have the chance to buy the things you want at the price you wish to pay as you can now.

One has only to browse around where the great sales are going on to see the delight and joy of bargain hunters who happily can and are taking advantage of what these days are offered at such attractive inducements to buy.

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No Sorrow More Sincere Than That of Pet Dog's for Baby Lindy, Says Fay King



By FAY KING.

How many times during the anxious days has Baby Lindy's little black dog suddenly perked up his ears and rushed off to the nursery door only to find the room empty—and silent?

To stand a moment sad-eyed, and turn back trotting slowly

to his little place to lie and wait.

Wondering why he no longer hears the little voice he knew and loved, or feels the chubby baby fingers pulling at his ears.

Importance and fame had no influence in his affection and loyalty.

Surely no sorrow is more sincere or eloquent than that of the sad-eyed little dog who feels so suddenly deserted—and in his silent way—also waits and watches for the little master he loved and misses so!

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Whole World Awaits the Safe Return of Baby Lindy, Says Fay King



By FAY KING.

"Where?"

The dawns have come and the days have gone, and the world has stood by throughout the long sad hours—watching—waiting—hoping—praying—asking WHERE?

Where has he been, the sunny-haired little Lindy we all welcomed into the world only twenty months ago?

And all this weary while some one knows! Some one who can—if he will—answer that mighty wide world—"WHERE?"

And his lone voice answering back—"HERE!" will be not unlike in a way that great lone fight of Lindy's!

The world will listen in amazement—in joy—and with mercy, too—I think—if the little fellow is unharmed and safe again in his mother's arms!

"WHERE?"

God, give that one who knows the courage to answer—HERE!

Fay King Lauds Lindy Baby's Mother in Her Heart-Rending Ordeal



By FAY KING.

One afternoon, not long ago, many of us turned on our radios to hear for the first time the voice of Anne Morrow Lindbergh.

From the first word to the last there was not one waver of nervousness. She spoke in a low smooth, trained college-kind of voice. But in it there was a trace of sweetness and emphasis, as if one of her pleasures may be reading poems aloud, as well as writing them.

Little did we dream then what days of heartache were so soon to be in store for that brave little mother.

Anne Morrow Lindbergh is a remarkable young woman. One never ceases to admire the way she has adjusted her life to that of her famous flying husband.

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Fay King Advises Young Couples to Have Few Friends, But Real Ones



SPEND MORE TIME
TOGETHER

FAY KING



BETTER
NO FRIENDS
THAN
FRIENDS WHO
CAUSE
DISCORD

DON'T LET
OUTSIDERS RULE
YOUR PLANS



By FAY KING.

Nothing is easier than to fill your little home with a mob of moochers who will drop in anywhere to get a drink and a handout. Crashers who trail along won't even know or care who their host or hostess is.

Getting them in is easy. Getting them out is another matter. And nine times out of ten when the crowd is gone there is discord between the young couple over some brazen act of one of the guests.

Don't waste time and money on them.

Have few friends, but real ones, and cut out the crowd who will undermine your happiness.

Spend that money on yourselves and that time together, enjoying a good show, or for something you want to own.

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Only Tragedy Bares Some Problems of Children of the Rich, Fay King Says



By FAY KING.

Not until tragedy has prostrated them in unutterable remorse have some wealthy parents realized how unhappy their child was amid luxury.

In humble homes unaffected emotion, which is the language of the heart, gives constant evidence of affec-

tion, joy or sorrow which is shared by all.

But those in high places, wishing so much to be superior, stifle this emotion which is common to all. So that here it is hard to discover a joy or sorrow which is paraded in such perfect poise before family, friends and servants.

In the stilted surroundings and slight companionship of rich parents, a child's problems go unnoticed.

Without sincere emotion one can never hope to be understanding or understood.

Where there is understanding and love no child is ever unhappy.